

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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Published by George Q. Cannon,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

OFFICE, 236 W. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET.

PROSPECTUS

FOR VOLUME TWENTY-TWO.

WE take pleasure in announcing to our patrons and the public generally that we shall commence the publication of the Twenty-Second Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on the First day of January, 1887.

It is customary at the commencement of a new volume, in publications of this character, to announce in wide-spread advertisements the many good works the magazine has done in the past and the many better works it will perform in the future. We do not think it necessary or proper for us to indulge in this self-praise concerning the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. It is now twenty-one years old, and the reading people of our Church know its past performances. From all quarters we have heard the most gratifying reports of the good it has accomplished. The young men and young women now entering upon and actively engaged in the responsible duties of life recall with pleasure, we have been assured, the many profitable lessons they derived from its pages in their childhood and youth; and from our adult friends such expressions of interest and good will have come as to encourage us to believe that the visits of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have not been alone welcome to the young. It has had a mission to perform, and we have reason to believe that, in its humble way, it has fulfilled it to the satisfaction of a goodly portion, if not all, of the Latter-day Saints.

Concerning this coming volume we shall do all in our power to make it as interesting and instructive as any one that has preceded it; and we shall add new features of interest to it. We shall publish articles on a great range of topics from the pens of our best writers. We have made arrangements for this, and we trust the results will be highly satisfactory.

We need not dwell upon the benefits which attend subscribing for this magazine. Do we assert too much, when we say it ought to be in the house of every Latter-day Saint? We are fully satisfied that the good results which will follow the reading of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR by all classes of people are worth far more than the price of subscription. We are sincerely anxious to give to everyone who subscribes for it more than the value of his money.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, Editor.



VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1886.

NO. 23.

KARL AND INA AT WAIKIKI.

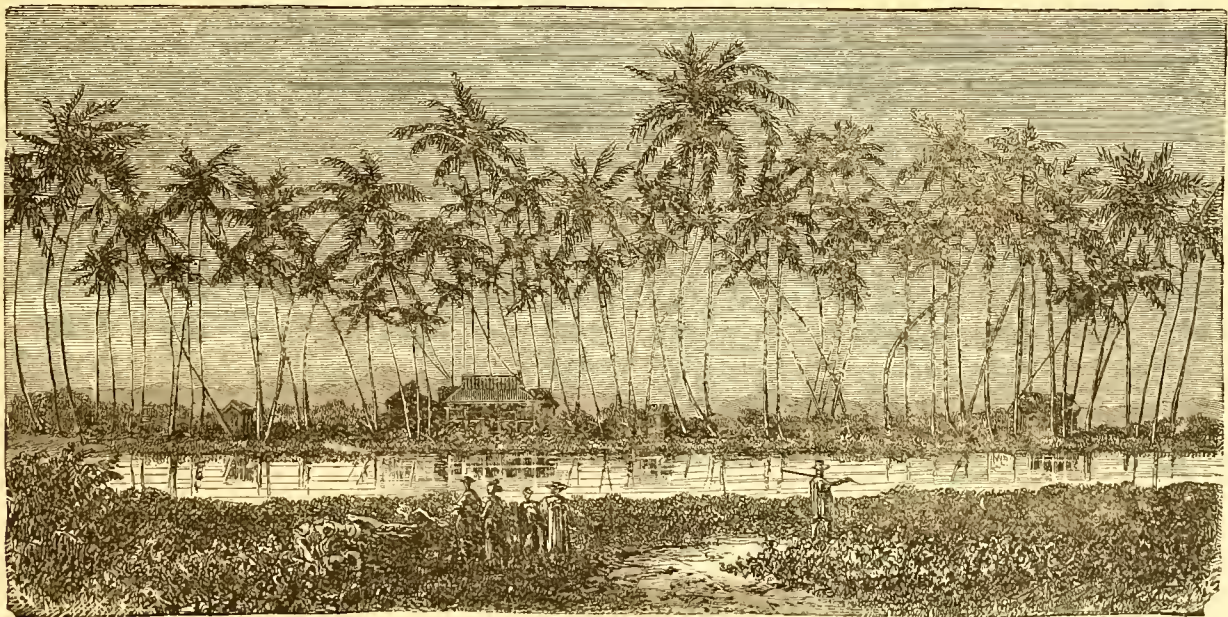
WOULD you like to pay a visit, my dear little friends, with Karl and Ina away out to Waikiki? Very well, you shall if you will consent to look only with my eyes, hear only with my ears, and jump behind me on this steed which men call fancy or imagination.

You remember that my pets live at Laie, which plantation is on the island of Oahu; and on the same island away on the south end, lies the city of Honolulu.

delight and cosy quarters make him forget his manners and dignified age.

Ina nestles close to Karlie, and lifts her dark eyes to Karl, while she chatters of the joyous time they anticipate.

Away we go, down through the narrow, winding, irregular streets, not at all like those at home. The streets are barely wide enough to let two buggies pass, and I would hardly make a respectable lane in Salt Lake City.



I shall tell you some day about the journey between here and there, and the beautiful town of Honolulu. Perhaps, too, we will take you along with Karl and Ina down to the docks and see all the beautiful ships, and the fish market, and the boats, and lots of curious and interesting things.

Waikiki is a little town, or cluster of houses, three or four miles from Honolulu, the road running right along the sea-beach.

We call a hack, which here is a very comfortable, low, two-seated carriage drawn by one horse, and in we jump. Karl's blue eyes sparkled with delight, and I regretfully add that his

"What a lovely house," cries mamma, "all surrounded with tropical trees, and bright, ever blooming flowers!"

"And here's another," says papa, "with handsome, bay windows, and wide cool piazzas." A fountain cools the air, and a parrot swings under the balcony. In short nearly half the way there elegant homes, cosy cottages, and sometimes untidy houses line the road.

But Ina is constantly calling to Karlie to see that "dread big b'u flower," and Karlie replies by showing Ina that "big tree" on the side. Every house, little and big, old and new, has its yard of blazing bloom, and perhaps its porch smothered in vines.

After a bit they come to fields and into the suburbs of Honolulu. The road is hard and smooth and the horse trots along with no difficulty.

There are green rice fields, whose cluster of tiny kernels, when the husk is rubbed off, looks so white and pure.

And Karl's sister Lucy says the rice looks a great deal like rye at home.

Then great patches of squash, melons, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbages and lettuce are set in earth which has been trenched out to make use of it. For this was all swampy land years ago.

Here and there are pretty little lakes of clean silent water, overhung by dark, green, never-fading trees. Groves of trees are abundant, and everywhere creeps the soft, short, velvety Bermuda grass.

"Oh," says Ina, "look at the coconut trees!"

"I like coconuts," answers Karl, "and here are groves of them. Tall, taller than a liberty pole without even a leaf on them only just at the top!"

And then strange trees which look as if they were huge churns planted and sprouting.

Across a long bridge which spans the river Waikiki, and runs out over the sea a short distance, and then we turn into Kapiolani Park.

The children see the many bath-houses along the beach, and they hear papa tell mamma that this is the fashionable watering place of Honolulu. And Karl looks at Ina, and Ina looks at Karl, while neither can imagine what sort of thing a watering-place can be, unless perhaps it is where the clothes are washed. Do you know what it means little readers?

But one thing they do know, and that is that the little, tiny waves as they ripple up along this golden beach past which we are driving, makes them feel as though they wanted to take off their shoes and stockings and run after them out into the arms of their big mother, the sparkling blue sea.

The drive around the park is a very pretty one, in and out of green trees and low shrubbery.

But now we must turn around, and out of the park we go, to the big bridge.

As we turn around, a something white is turning around Diamond Head (a hill projecting out into the water just the other side of Waikiki) and the children beg us to drive slowly.

It turns out to be a large ship with great white sails bellying to the breeze. And we go on slowly, the ship coming on very swiftly passing us and going into Honolulu Bay.

But see, Karl! look Ina! they are taking in all their sails, there's one, now another—and oh yonder from the Honolulu wharf steams out a bustling little boat called a tug-boat, which hurries out to pull the monster into the harbor, past the cruel, dangerous coral reef which stretches clear across the bay leaving only one small channel, deep enough for vessels to go through.

Chew! chew! puff! puff! see the white-robed stranger take off all her out-flying white garments, and prepare herself for the on-coming little tug. You see the tiny steam-boat bustle hastily up to the large, dignified ship, grasp her with a heavy chain, and sail back with her in his wake, reminding mamma of some huge, fat, fine woman being led out to dance by a wee bustling, fussy, little man; and when the children hear this, they all fall to laughing at the idea.

We ride past the pretty, vine-wreathed cottage and stately, rose-embowered homes, the sun just sinking down into the dazzling, blue sea, his beams gilding the ship just coming in, and glorifying the forest of masts at the docks, brightening the dense

mass of foliage in the city and its background, giving the softened faces of the little ones a caressing glow as it slowly falls to sleep in its jeweled, ocean bed.

HOMESPUN.

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

BY KENNON.

LOOK at some large map of the Denmark of 1860; or, better still, examine a map devoted particularly to Schleswig-Holstein. Follow carefully with your finger the indentations of the east coast of Schleswig, northward from Lubeck Bay at the western extremity of the Baltic Sea. Pass the names of Oldenburg, Kiel Bay, Schwansen; and, when you come to Flensburg Fjord, trace its deep inland sweep. Then lift your finger and scrutinize the little peninsula jutting northward into the Fjord. You will probably find in the smallest of small type, accompanied by a modest little dot to represent the smallest of small towns—the German name, Glucksburg, or its Danish equivalent, Lyksborg.

Geographically, politically and financially, Glucksburg is a humble village. But it has a castle; not much of a castle, it is true, so far as stone and mortar are concerned—and yet destined to be known in history.

A generation since, the lord of this castle was a prince, who dwelt there with his wife and babies in obscurity and poverty. He is still the lord of the castle; but—

So poor was this personage that his life and habits were more like those of a simple country gentleman than like the career of dazzling power and luxury which is popularly supposed to be the inevitable lot of a prince. Of course, his was not the obscurity which makes a man unknown to his next-door neighbor; nor was his the poverty which leaves a man in a painful state of uncertainty as to whether he will fast or dine on any particular afternoon. He had acres after acres of wooded lands; and he was remembered at long intervals by persons outside of Schleswig-Holstein. But for a prince, a being whom all the world should know, and to whom millions should be the simple units of money counting, he was indeed an unfamed empty-purse.

He was a subject of the king of Denmark. He had no vested powers of authority or government; and his political control was less than that of a squire or wealthy commoner in England. Sometimes he was able to influence the local election to the lower house of the *Rigsdag*, or congress; but this was not because of his rank as prince, but because merely of his personal weight as a citizen.

The princess, his wife, was a good and modest woman; she gave sympathy and help to the peasantry and made herself and children loved; and she helped even her stern husband, the prince, to be patiently respected if not affectionately regarded by the common people.

Several children came to bless the prince and princess in their retirement, to fill the gardens and woods with brave shouts and the castle with tuneful laughter. If these young dukes and duchesses had been like some of their rank in other lands, unable to wait upon themselves and each one requiring an interminable train of attendants, the little castle would have overflowed. But happily for these youngsters in their early life, and providentially for them and for millions of other

human beings in later years, the daughters were taught to be kind, modest and attentive to home duty, and the sons were taught truth, manliness and self-help. So the castle was large enough for all.

The mother gave the daughters their book and domestic lessons at home. But the sons were sent to school in the neighboring town of Flensburg. So obscure and poor was the village of Glucksburg that it could have no place fit for the tuition of these boys and they either rode or walked their eight miles daily to attend the unassuming little academy in Flensburg, the maritime place of the region. No affectation of superiority interposed to exalt these princes beyond the companionship of their fellows. In their studies, in their play and in their work they were among the heartiest, simplest and best.

Among the writer's acquaintances are two gentlemen—one a German and the other a Dane—who were once companions of these royal children. The German attended day school at Flensburg with the youngest of the princes, Waldemar by name; and the Dane worked at the same ship-carpenter's bench with Frederick, the eldest of the princes.

While this poor prince was living simply and sturdily at Glucksburg, the attention of the Great Powers of Europe was being drawn to Denmark. King Frederick VII. was childless; and in default of issue, with his death the male line of Oldenburg would become extinct. As there would be no lineal heir to the crown, it was determined to select a successor who would be agreeable to all the Great Powers, as well as to Frederick and the Danish people.

At this hour, there were many famous princes in Europe who could have no hope of ascending the thrones of their own countries, and who doubtless cast longing looks towards sturdy and prosperous little Denmark. But their very eminence and apparent fitness destroyed their chances. No one of the Great Powers would consent that the succession should be devolved upon a representative of a rival power; and therefore search was instituted for a person whose obscurity and lack of affiliation with any of the Great Powers would make him unobjectionable.

The search extended to Glucksburg and stopped there. By a treaty signed at London by the representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia and Sweden, it was declared that Prince Christian, the poor and almost unknown lord of Glucksburg's unpretentious castle, should succeed Frederick as king of Denmark in case that monarch should die without leaving issue.

In 1863, Frederick was called from earth. He left no children; and the prince of Glucksburg ascended the throne as Christian IX. A war ensued which lost all of Lausenburg, Schleswig and Holstein; but in October, 1864, peace was restored and from that time the good fortune of Christian has seemed constant. As a king, he is arbitrary, uncompanionable and disliked by his subjects. Although he has little cause to esteem Prussia, he is still intensely German in his personal manners. German is the language of his court and home; and his acquaintance with the Scandinavian form of speech is so imperfect that when he does condescend to address his people in their own tongue his words fall harshly on Danish ears. It was the usage of his predecessor to deliver an address to the populace on June 5th, *Grundloes Day*—Constitution Day—in congratulation and encouragement. This practice is formally continued by Christian; but he has few listeners. His unfamiliarity with the popular tongue irritates the Danes

and they prefer to spend the holiday in their own fashion away from the sound of his voice.

On the other hand, the Queen Louise is beloved by all. The sway which her kindness enabled her to exercise at Glucksburg, is still held by her in her larger sphere at Copenhagen.

The children, too, are revered affectionately by the Danish people. The simple but noble and lovable habits formed in their early youth, remain with the offspring of Christian and Louise.

Frederick, the heir apparent, is the idol of the soldiery. While taking little or no part in politics, his complaisance and fellowship with the people constitute him in their eyes the leader of the opposition against the autocratic assumptions of his sire. On the march, this prince fares like the private of the ranks, and with as much discretion as sincere show of simplicity, he holds the admiration of his future subjects. His wife is Louise, Princess Royal of Sweden and Norway.

George, the second son of Christian, is king of Greece. He was called to that station in much the manner and largely for the reasons governing in his father's case. His wife is Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia.

Waldemar, the other son, was recently offered the throne of Bulgaria, left vacant by the abdication of Alexander. But old Christian was too wise to permit Waldemar's acceptance of a rank which might jeopardize the welfare of George of Greece and strain Denmark's now happy relations with Russia. Waldemar's wife is Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Christian's eldest daughter is Alexandra, the lovely and gracious Princess of Wales; and another daughter, Dagmar, is Empress of Russia.

Is there in fiction a more wonderful romance than the rise of this family from the obscurity of Glucksburg to some of the great thrones of Europe?

REBUKING A KING.—The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked, "I am sorry to hear young gentlemen swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said, "I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said, "Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked: "There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

JIMMY BORDEN.

UNFORTUNATE circumstances need not force a boy to become a bad man. To a large degree the lonely and friendless lad, sadly situated as he is, has his destiny in his own hands. If his tastes and desires are all *downwards* he will grow low and brutal; if *upwards* he will grow refined and noble.

Jimmy Borden was left fatherless in the city of New York at the age of thirteen— orphaned, possibly I should say, or even worse than orphaned, for his poor mother was made insane by her grief at the death of her husband, and was carried away and shut up in an asylum.

For a year and a half the homeless boy, thrown on the "cruel mercy" of the world, procured an uncertain living in such ways as are open to the wandering poor in a great city who are willing to work and need little to eat and wear.

Then he obtained a place in a printing-office. But his wages were only about two dollars and a half a week, and that, with the utmost economy, would not buy him necessary food and a comfortable place to sleep. He applied for lodgings at the Newsboy's Home, and was admitted. Thus provided for he was able to support himself.

The change from precarious to regular employment was the first improvement in Jimmy's condition. The change from wretched to decent lodgings was the second. Step by step the boy was rising.

But his good character was an assurance that he would continue to rise. Not only was he steady and faithful at his work, but at the Home his modesty and intelligence won him friends. The superintendent soon discovered that he loved books, and procured him all possible opportunities to read and study.

Jimmy found no time to go to the theaters, and had no inclination to go. He went to the library and reading-room of the Cooper Institute to improve his mind, and to religious meetings to improve his heart.

He not only read and studied, but he began to write his thoughts, and one day he sent a little article to a juvenile magazine, which was thought good enough to be published. It appeared, signed James D. Borden, and singularly enough one of the many who read it was a wealthy gentleman whose name was also James D. Borden.

Curiosity impelled the gentleman to make inquiries respecting his young namesake, and he found that the boy was really one of his own kin. This interesting discovery, with the knowledge he soon obtained of Jimmy's excellence, was enough to decide Mr. Borden to assume a father's duty to the lonely lad. He gave him a home, and the rich advantages which love and a wisely-used abundance always bestow.

This story sounds like a romance, but it is literally true. Jimmy Borden the printer boy is now studying at an institution in the State of Connecticut. His course is still onward and upward—and would have been had he never met his wealthy benefactor—for a high aim and a pure life are a pledge of future success, to which money can add only an accidental value.

VULGARITY.

A MINISTER says, "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman to-day.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. It becomes a habit. It leads to profanity. It fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul. It prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth from all impurity.

THE authors' names in the Hidden Name Puzzle, published in No. 21, are as follows: Fielding, Moore, Keats, Newton, White, Lamb, Garriek, Cowper, Burns, Dickens, De Foe, Hood, Garth, Shelley. Solutions have been received from Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Henry Coulam, Lorenzo Engberg, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

A PET BAT.

PROBABLY no common creature has been more rarely domesticated than the funny little bird-beast that hangs itself on a hook to sleep. A writer in the New York *Observer* sends to print this interesting bat story, told by the lady herself, who tamed the pet.

One cold morning I saw a boy tossing into the air and catching again what I fancied to be a large

mouse; of course my sympathy awoke at once, and I rushed to the rescue. It proved to be a half-dead bat, very large and fat. Its beautiful, broad ears were still erect, and when I took it in my hand, I felt its heart beat. I placed it in a basket, covered it with cotton, and put it inside the fender. I peeped frequently under the lid, and at last had the pleasure of seeing it hanging, bat-fashion, on the side of the basket, its keen, bright eyes watching every movement.

When it was fully restored, I endeavored to take it out, and then discovered that one of its hind feet had been crushed and was hanging by a bit of skin. With trembling hands I removed the little foot, and applied some salve to the extremity. All this time the poor thing continued hooked to the basket, and during the first day would take no food, would not be tempted by meat or milk, by a fly or a spider.

The next morning I saw her cowering in the cotton, and when I attempted to touch her, she endeavored to bite my finger, and made the least possible noise you can imagine. I offered her a fly, and in a moment it was swallowed; a bit of meat shared the same fate, and then she folded her wings around her, intimating that she had had enough. The bat became quite tame at last; would hang itself to my dress, and devour whatever I gave it of animal food, and lick milk off my finger.

It knew me well, would fly round my room in the evenings, and go out at the window, hawking for insects, and return in a couple of hours, and hang to the window until admitted. At night it would sometimes fasten to my hair, but never went near my mother or the servants. It continued a great favorite for more than two years, and at last fell a prey to some white owls that held possession of an old belfry.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

1. WHAT man caused trouble in the principal town of Daviess Co., Missouri, during the Summer of 1838? A. A man named Wm. P. Peniston a candidate for Representative from Daviess Co. to the State Legislature, in his speech on election day accused Joseph and the leading Elders of being thieves, liars and everything that was vile, and urged the people not to let them vote or settle in the County.

2. What boasts did he make in his speech? A. That he had headed a mob for the purpose of driving the Saints from Clay County.

3. For what purpose had the Saints gathered there on that day? A. To cast their votes, being their privilege as American citizens.

4. What resulted at the close of this exciting speech? A. The mob began to assail the brethren and for ten minutes there was quite a skirmish in which many persons were considerably hurt.

5. Who were the victors? A. The brethren, who fought for their rights like lions.

6. What did the brethren number compared with the mob? A. There were about ten of the mob to every one of the brethren.

7. Not being able to accomplish their object in this riot what did the mob resort to? A. They armed themselves with dirks, clubs, guns and pistols and came upon the Saints in great numbers.

8. What did the brethren do to save their families from this merciless and cruel mob? A. They gathered them together and laid them in a thicket of hazel brush.

9. What were they called upon to suffer during the night? A. It rained heavily, and women and children were compelled to lie on the ground without shelter while the men guarded them.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How long after he certified to Joseph and others that he would not molest the Saints did Adam Black begin again to harass and persecute them? 2. How did he proceed? 3. What action did Wm. P. Peniston, who was candidate at the election, take? 4. Whom did he say were the leaders of this body of men? 5. What was the result of these base and infamous lies sworn to by these mobocrats? 6. Why did the sheriff decline to serve this writ upon Joseph? 7. What base report was circulated, after Joseph's conversation with the sheriff, to create an excitement and prejudice the people? 8. What action did the enemies of the Saints take on hearing these lying statements? 9. When was Joseph and Lyman Wight put on trial before Judge King? 10. What was the result of the trial?

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 21: Avildia L. Page, Samuel Stark, H. H. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Leono Rogers.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 339.)

IT is asserted, however, that Christ's death was a hasty one, and the scripture itself abundantly supports this view. We grant all this, but contend for a paramount distinction as to what really was done in haste. The arguments of our opponents are so worded generally as to imply haste both in the event of Christ's death and also in the preparations or means by which it was effected. Such, however, are not the facts. Death certainly did come speedily to the Savior's relief; but there was plan, method and deliberation manifested in every act of the execution.

The plan of the Pharisees was well matured. They had determined for a long time that Jesus must die. A pretext for his accusation was all they lacked, and when it came all was ready. The cross, apparently, was prepared. They omitted not to secure the soldiers' aid. It was a day and time set for executions; for the common prison-house was visited and two malefactors were also led out to die. Christ's name simply added one more to the list of unfortunates who were to suffer.

It is absurd to talk of haste and precipitation in the manner of the crucifixion, when the reed, sponge and thirst-quenching draught were all prepared for instant use—of the flurry of excitement which infidels assert rendered Christ's executioners incapable of properly discerning, or of appreciating certain facts, of deciding rationally whether Jesus were dead or not—while at the same time they quickly observed Pilate's inadvertent omission in the superscription which he wrote and placed above the cross. Doubtless it is a bootless task to argue the question with those who maintain that such supercilious care can be manifested by men who act with frenzied haste.

Infidelity may place what value it pleases upon the fact of Christ's speedy death. It is of far greater worth to the cause of truth and must lose some of its attractiveness even to infidels when its bearings on the case are properly understood.

Let it be remembered that the crucifixion occurred just before the time of preparation for the Jewish Sabbath (see *John xiv.*, 31-33); and according to the Jewish idea that the holy day would be profaned were the bodies allowed to remain on the cross; hence the Pharisees besought Pilate to order his soldiers to dispatch, without further delay, the suffering Savior. This command was given, but "they brake not his legs," for he was already dead. There was just enough of the remarkable in the speedy demise of Jesus to awaken apprehension and to arouse suspicion.

Infidelity boasts of its rationality in the investigation of religious subjects, which is all proper enough, and we now insist upon the impartial exercise of the reasoning powers while we look further at the point under immediate consideration. We desire a candid answer to the question: What did the Pharisees naturally do under this suspicious circumstance?

It is rational to assert that they acted just as a set of men determined not to be cheated of their prey would act in this day.

If the suspicion once entered their minds that their intended victim was simulating death, or had fallen into a swoon, extra precautions would be taken at once to ascertain the real facts

in the case. If a lurking suspicion still remained, in order to make assurance doubly sure, someone would send a bullet crashing through the victim's brain. This is the rational answer to our question, nor can it be denied, for such events are now of too frequent occurrence.

The murderous Pharisees acted with as much reason and precaution, doubtless, as murderous mobs do now. After an examination of Christ's condition, and to allay the least lingering trace of doubt, unquestionably at the Pharisees' instigation, a soldier took a spear and with it pierced the Savior's side; and "forthwith there came out blood and water." This last act of brutality satisfied them, if it does not remove every suspicion of fraud in Christ's death from the minds of modern infidels.

The real extent of this last wound can not, without revelation, be determined; but there is little doubt that the spear penetrated the pericardium and entered the heart, the blood coming from the latter and the water from the former. This wound of itself, barring all other penalties, was sufficient to cause death. Its infliction was the climax of precaution.

Thus, the precipitate death of Jesus was the means of weaving around that event a chain of evidence—a web of proof which infidelity cannot rationally gainsay.

But another special fact must be noticed. Joseph of Arimathea craved the body from Pilate, who refused to deliver it into his custody until he also was fully satisfied that life was extinct. The governor "marveled" that Jesus should be dead so soon, and sent for the officer of the guard. This official had to satisfy not only the imperious will of his master, but also the promptings of curiosity and suspicion. The demand of Pilate for information and his satisfaction is the Roman affirmation of the Savior's death.

Joseph also must have satisfied himself that Jesus was dead, otherwise he knew the futility of seeking the custody of the body. Then, too, the disciples of the Lord all counted their friend as hopelessly dead.

Thus have the foes of Jesus, from the humblest soldier up to the highest rulers in the land, including both the secular and religious authorities, affixed their irrevocable seal of affirmation on the death of Jesus. All His friends have also done the same; and we think reason can ask no further testimony. Yet, should such be the case, it can be furnished.

A memorial of the Savior's death was instituted as nearly as possible at the time of its occurrence, and has been maintained in the Christian Church ever since. Now, why was not the whole power and influence of the Roman and Jewish nations exerted to bring that commemorative service into such disrepute and odium that it could not be perpetuated? Is it not remarkable that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was never assailed by any of his enemies on the ground that there was fraud in the event which it was designed to celebrate?

If, now, we apply Leslie's justly-celebrated four rules for determining the truth of matter of fact in general, to the event we are considering, we will find that they demonstrate its verity. These rules are:

1. That the matter of fact be such as that men's senses, their eyes and their ears, may be judges of it.
2. That it be done publicly in the face of the world.
3. That not only public monuments be kept up in memory of it, but some outward actions be performed.
4. That such monuments and such actions and observances be instituted and do commence from the time that the matter of fact was done.

If our readers will examine and apply these rules as desired they will be prepared to affirm the following propositions:

1. That the event or circumstances of Christ's death, etc., satisfy their every exacting requirement.

2. That it is a useless waste of time to argue the question with those who deny their sufficiency to demonstrate the reality of any historical event.

"Josephus' Antiquities," page 548, says Pilate condemned Jesus to the cross, that is, to death, and affirms that He died by asserting that He appeared alive again to His friends on the third day, according to scripture.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, mentions the death of Jesus in these words:

"Nero put those who went by the name of Christians to the most exquisite torture. The author of this name was Christ, who was capitally punished in the reign of Tiberius, by Pontius Pilate the Procurator."

The writings of other ancient authors might be produced, but these must suffice. They incontestibly prove that in the earliest ages there was no question of the Savior's death. Its denial is of later times and more obdurate hearts. These arguments demonstrate beyond the hope of successful cavil that such an event as that alleged actually occurred; and the pure and holy character of many of the parties who affirm it, prove that it was just as Christians believe it to have been; otherwise the charge of complicity in the fraud may be sustained against the Holy Spirit, and God Himself.

(To be Continued.)

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE IN DROWNING.

RECENTLY I was much interested in listening to a relation by Brother Charles John Lambert of a peculiar experience he passed through. I will give the facts as if described by himself, although not in his own language. They are as follows:

"When I was about thirteen years old I was on the point of leaving my home to go to the vicinity of the Jordan River to bring the family cow from the pasture. As I was departing my mother said:

"Charles John, you must not go into the water."

"I fully intended to comply with this wish, but when I reached the pasture I set aside my scruples regarding disobedience to my parent and, in company with Harrison Shurtliff, entered a tributary of the Jordan, near to where it emptied into that stream, to bathe.

"We amused ourselves tumbling over a log that lay in the water. In going down I caught under this log, was there held fast, and found it impossible to reach the surface. I knew I was drowning, and as the water gurgled down my throat a sleepy, painless sensation pervaded me, then all was blank.

"When I recovered consciousness I was no longer in the body, but my spirit was out of the water.

"No human power could describe my condition. Every action, and even every thought of my life, good, bad and indifferent, was clearly before my comprehension. I could not tell by what process this effect was produced, but I knew that my whole life in detail was before my view with terrible clearness.

"One idea seemed more vivid than the rest—the fact that I had lost my life by my own sinful act—disobedience to my mother.

"There were spiritual persons with me, and I understood that they also knew all about the nature of the deeds I had done in the body. They appeared to have taken charge of me in the spirit, and I seemed to be on the most familiar terms with them.

"I saw Harrison Shurtliff looking for my body in great excitement, but I had no power to communicate with him. I looked into the water and beheld my body, and wondered why he did not see it: then I observed that I saw clear through the log, under which the body was lying. I saw young Shurtliff, after looking for it in vain, run along the bank a distance of about two blocks, and tell John Harker what had taken place. The two then came rapidly to the spot where the drowning occurred.

"I discovered that I could move about without the slightest effort and with great rapidity. My spirit friends took me away from the scene of the incident and in a twinkling, as it were, I was in the city. They told me that my death was caused by disobedience to my parent. I felt keenly on this point, and informed them that if I were allowed to re-enter my body I should never be guilty of the same sin again. I was then informed that I might return to it.

"In an instant—almost as quick as thought—I was at the spot where the drowning occurred and saw my body lying on the bank. Young Shurtliff and John Harker had placed it in such a position that the head was downhill and they were working hard to get the water to flow from the mouth. It looked loathsome to me, notwithstanding I had expressed a desire to return to it.

"Suddenly I became insensible to what transpired. I began to recover sensibility in my body, to which I had returned in the interval that appeared blank. My agony while recovering was fearful. It seemed as if the suffering of an ordinary life-time had been concentrated into a few minutes' duration. It appeared as if every sinew of my physical system was being violently torn out.

"This gradually subsided, I was raised to my feet, some boys took charge of my cow, and others helped me to go to the city.

"On arriving in town I had so far recovered as to be able to walk alone, and wended my way home. I was so thoroughly ashamed of my conduct that I carefully concealed what had happened from the knowledge of my mother. She did not learn of it for several weeks, and would not then had not John Harker visited the house.

"On seeing me he remarked: 'Is not this the boy who was drowned while down at the pasture after the cow?' Then turning to me he said: 'You are the boy, are you not?'

"I was in the act of slinking out of the house when this question was put, but I, of course, answered that I was the boy in question. This was news to mother, who felt quite exercised about it.

"The incident narrated above made an indelible impression upon my mind, and doubtless has more or less influenced my life since it occurred. Some people may think that the statements regarding my leaving the body are based upon imagination. What I have described, however, was as real as anything could be, and was not imaginary. While my spirit was separate from its earthly tenement I saw and understood all that took place, as afterwards verified by the parties whom I have named in connection with the drowning. The effect produced upon me has been to cause me to avoid ever disobeying my parents. I have never, from that time to the present, so far as I know, acted contrary to their expressed wishes, and I trust I never shall. I have therefore kept the condition upon which I appeared to be allowed to again take possession of my body.

"Thus ends the story of my experience in being drowned and coming to life again. The incident may serve to point a moral by which some young people may profit." J. N.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WE alluded in our last number to the wonderful manner in which the Lord supplied the wants of the Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake Valley through the immigrants who were going after gold to California.

In 1847 the Saints who entered this valley had but little to bring with them. Even with the exercise of the strictest economy they had barely food enough to last till they could raise vegetables and grain the next year. Their clothes were of the most scanty description. As for groceries, there were but few who had any. Tools of every kind were very scarce, and iron was exceedingly valuable.

The people had been trained to trust in God and had faith to believe that He who had brought and preserved them on so long a journey could still care for them.

But looking from a natural standpoint, or as ordinary men look at such things, where were their supplies to come from?

There were numerous articles which they needed that could not be manufactured. Sheep were not plentiful; and if the people should have to wait for sufficient wool to grow to make them clothes, it seemed as though they would have to go naked a long time. Many had to wear moccasins the first Winter, there being no leather that could be obtained and there was none that could be manufactured for some time. To a man who had a family and did not have faith, the outlook must have been very gloomy.

But there were few of that class among the Saints at that time. The unbelieving and the doubtful-minded had remained behind, so that those who came here the first year or two were generally what might be called selected Saints; they were faithful, zealous, patient people. Of course, all were not of this character; but the exceptions were comparatively few.

After Presidents Young and Kimball reached the Valley with their companies in 1848, the prospects for obtaining supplies had not improved. The people were still 1,200 miles from settlements on the east and 800 miles from settlements in California. What had they to offer in payment for goods of any kind, even if they were brought here? A merchant who would have undertaken to send goods to Salt Lake at that time would have been thought crazy.

While this was the condition of affairs, President Heber C. Kimball arose one Sunday to address the Saints in a rude structure, which had been erected on the temple-block, and which was called the bowery. He was filled with the spirit of prophesy, and he predicted many things concerning the abundance of goods, wagons and supplies of various kinds that would be brought to Salt Lake City. Among other things, he said that wagons, and clothing, and articles of merchandise would be sold in the streets of Salt Lake City cheaper than in the places where they were manufactured.

He has told the writer since that he was frightened at his own prediction; for it seemed so impossible that he could not

tell how it could be fulfilled. Doubtless many who heard him felt the same, for nothing could appear more unlikely to happen.

But not many months had passed away until the words of the Lord, which he, President Kimball, was inspired to speak, were literally fulfilled.

Wagons, clothing of various kinds, groceries and provisions, and great quantities of merchandise, also horses and cattle, whose only defect was that they were thin in flesh, were sold and exchanged on the streets of Salt Lake City at the lowest of prices. So eager were many of the emigrants to part with their property, and to lighten their loads that they might speedily reach the gold fields for which they had started, that they were ready to almost give their property away. The most extraordinary bargains were made by exchanging the fat horses and cattle of the valley for the worn-out ones and the goods with which the gold-seekers' wagons were loaded.

To the faithful Saints this relief appeared miraculous, and they thanked and praised God for His goodness with all their hearts.

The children who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR should ponder upon these wonderful events. They plainly show the watchcare which the Lord has over His Saints. They had come out here in this wilderness in obedience to His command and He did not leave them to perish. He brought needed supplies to their very doors. Suffering was averted and the Saints had another proof of the Lord's kindness to them. Thus it has always been with the Latter-day Saints from the very beginning, and thus it will be, if they continue faithful, to the very end.

We are passing through the deep waters now. Dark clouds overshadow us, and the faithless ask, "Where is their God?"

They see no hope for us; but God still lives; He is still all powerful. He has not forgotten His people. He will fulfill His promises, and to the joy and delight of those who put their trust in Him, He will come to their deliverance; but to the shame and confusion of those who array themselves against Him.

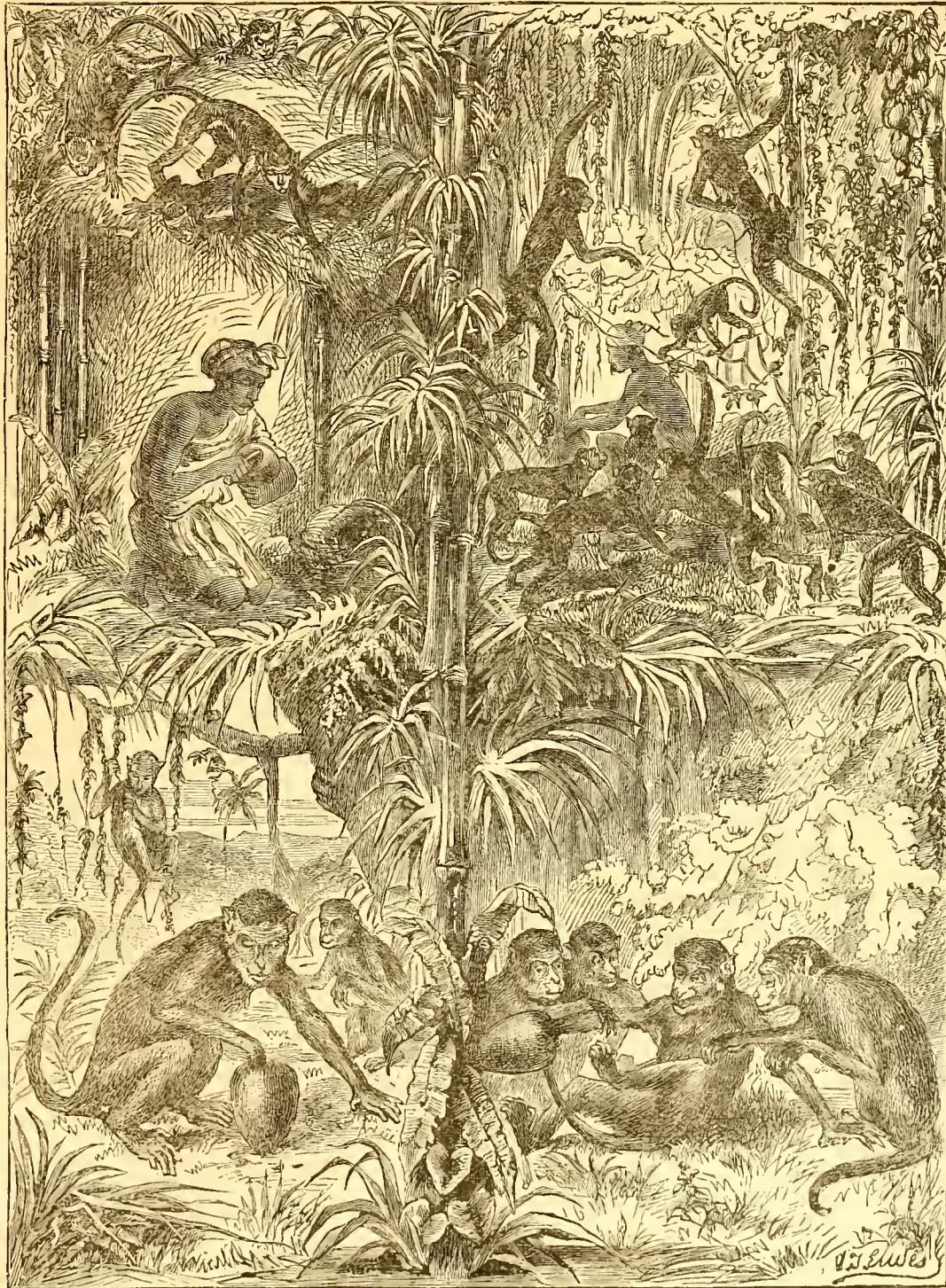
HOW TO KEEP YOUR ROOM.—A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give you an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape; will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and will not be long wanted in that position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing room many unhappy marriages would be saved.

CHARACTER.—The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells—for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude, and consistency—qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind.

CATCHING MONKEYS.

THE accompanying picture illustrates a very novel method of capturing monkeys. The trappers, or men engaged in the business, procure their game in a manner something like the following:

monkeys are sure to find them. In his anxiety to procure the seeds the monkey will thrust his hand into the hole and grasp a quantity of them in his fist. But when he attempts to withdraw his hand he finds that the opening is not large enough. It seems that a monkey, although very imitative, dexterous, and even cunning in many ways, does not know enough to let



A circular hole, barely large enough to admit the hand of the monkey they wish to catch, is cut into a gourd. Through this opening the seeds can be seen, and are within easy reach. A number of traps formed in this way are placed where the

go his hold on the seeds and draw his empty hand out of the gourd, or else he is so exceedingly fond of the seed's that he does not want to lose them, and so he allows himself to be caught. The weight of the gourd and his inability to use the

hand to which it is attached makes it awkward for the monkey to get about, and he is easily taken by the trapper.

As the flesh of the monkey is used for food by many of the natives who inhabit the climates in which it abounds, various means of capturing it are resorted to, some of which are quite ingenious and amusing. Many of the African tribes dig so many pit-falls and spread their monkey traps so extensively in the jungle that it would be dangerous for persons unacquainted with the places to traverse them.

A peculiar way of catching monkeys is practiced in Darfour and Lena, Africa. A kind of intoxicating drink is manufactured by the negroes which the monkeys are very fond of. When the natives wish to capture these nimble creatures they place calabashes of this fermented liquor upon the ground in the forest and then go off to await the result. When a monkey discovers and tastes this beverage he is delighted. Instead of being greedy and selfish over his good fortune, he calls, in his way, for his companions to come and share with him. Soon a crowd of them are gathered around and they drink to each other's health quite freely, and it is not long before they are all pretty well intoxicated. In this condition the natives have but little trouble in getting them to their village. Drunken monkeys, like drunken men, are easily taken in. When the negro appears to carry them off they are not in the least alarmed; thinking, perhaps, that he is only a large specimen of their own family, they willingly follow him as best they can in their reeling condition. The man takes one of them by the hand and immediately one of the others clings to it, another follows in like manner, holding to the second one, and so on until a chain numbering ten or twelve monkeys is formed and marched into the town. When they become sober they find they are prisoners; and no doubt, like foolish, drinking men, when in the same fix, they then begin to realize the folly of intemperance.

The gorilla, the most powerful and savage of the ape family, is sometimes attacked by the natives of Africa where it is found. The skull of this animal is used as an ornament for their idol temples. Since they have been made acquainted with the use of guns, which have been introduced among them by Europeans, they do not fear the gorilla so much as they did formerly. But they are very poor marksmen and they do not shoot at the gorilla from a greater distance than three or four yards. Sometimes they approach still nearer, keeping the gun pointed towards the dreaded ape all the time. The mode of attack with the gorilla is to seize its antagonist with its hands and draw it into reach of its huge jaws, with which it tears it to pieces. When the native attacks him with a gun he grasps the muzzle and places it in his mouth, at which moment it is fired, and the result is fatal to the gorilla. There is considerable danger in this manner of hunting the gorilla. The animal is so powerful that it will wrench the gun out of the hunter's hands and bend or break the barrel, if he is not shot at the moment his jaws close upon it.

Besides being used for food monkeys are sometimes caught alive and trained to climb trees, such as the cocoa-nut palm, which grows so high, and gather the fruit. Their agility in climbing enables them to perform such feats with the greatest ease.

E. F. P.

COURAGE in suffering for a good cause is well; but if courage be not tempered with meekness, if our resentments burn in our breasts, and boil over in projects of revenge, opprobrious language, or any sort of indecent bitterness, neither we nor our cause are likely to gain by it.

ANCIENT LAWS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

THE ancients tried many ways of dealing with drunkenness, often adopting severe treatment. A writer thus narrates their different methods:

The Locrians, under Zalenens, made it a capital offense to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment unless by order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who, when drunk, committed an offense, should suffer double the punishment which he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom.

The Roman censors could expel a Senator for being drunk, and take away his horse. Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time, or at one sitting.

The Egyptians put some limit, though what it was is not stated. The Spartans also had some limit. Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man; not clearly defined by the historians.

The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking-cups, so that each might know his proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes.

Lycurgus, of Thrace, went to the root of the matter by ordering the vine to be cut down. And his conduct was imitated in 704 by Terplus, of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported.

And the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, to show children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others.

The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offense for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting.

The Carthaginians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offense for magistrates to be drunk; and Constantine II, of Scotland, 861, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women.

The Massilians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty or thirty-five. And the husband and wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending, and the husband himself might scourge her to death.

THE privilege of reason, which renders man far more excellent than the inferior ranks of creatures, does also render him capable of giving an account of his actions; and as it is natural to conclude that he is the work of an All-wise Being, so it is reasonable to expect that he will be called to answer for the discharge or abuse of his great trust.

TRUE politeness is true kindness, kindly expressed. It is not sufficient that we feel kindly, we should kindly express our feelings.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

BY F. M. LYMAN.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is such a welcome and entertaining friend at so many firesides in Zion, making its way so promptly and easily through the United States mails, that I conclude to take passage with it occasionally.

Being ordained of God as a teacher of the principles of life among men, and feeling the spirit of that calling which makes me anxious to fulfill its obligations on all occasions, I undertake these visits, in company with the Editor, with his "Thoughts" and "Topics of the Times;" "Little Folks" department, "W. J.," "Pikale," "Kennon" Brookbank, "Homespun" and several others with whom you have all become familiar. Being the last to undertake this kind of a visit I will of course claim your attention after they have all been heard, and then if you are not too tired you will be willing to hear from me.

The name of this magazine—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—might lead one to think it is exclusively for the benefit of the young; but I find it is just as suitable, and as replete with good, wholesome instructions for every other class as it is for the JUVENILES. In fact, it appears to me to be an INSTRUCTOR for all; and it should be in every Latter-day Saint home and its good things feasted upon by all.

I would hardly be satisfied to go into a family and talk to only one portion of the family; and we are left by the Lord to teach as the Holy Spirit directs, and without it to teach not at all. In some families we visit the parents may need instructions first, and then the younger ones. We visit the families of the presiding Priesthood in Wards and Stakes, and those brethren need instruction in relation to their duties as God's ministers in the midst of the people. Presidents and members of quorums in the Priesthood sometimes need counsel. We can hardly single out any one class of the Saints and give them all they should know without touching in connection upon points and duties that interest others. For instance, if we talk of the duties of parents to children, we can hardly miss speaking of the duties of children to parents.

All are aware that this is the time in the year when schools are in operation all over our country and the JUVENILES in Zion ought to avail themselves of these opportunities and make the very best use of their time, which is more precious than gold. While you JUVENILES have youth and health on your side, the springtime of life, don't fail to prepare yourselves for the important labors that must soon pass from the shoulders of your parents to your own. When the time comes for you to take up the burden that has been borne by your seniors, if you are not inured to service you will feel very awkward and uncomfortable, and may perhaps prove a failure. You cannot afford to fail; it is humiliating, and but few recover from a failure in the labors of life. Avoid making mistakes, and one of the greatest mistakes a young person can make is to neglect opportunities for gaining education. There is but one springtime in life, as there is but one Spring in the year, and if that season be permitted to pass without improvement, the effect upon all the rest is likely to be disastrous.

I would impress this lesson upon you at this my first visit, and though I may have another valuable lesson at some other time, I am not likely to have a more important one.

Your close application to books and the rigor of school discipline may be tedious and tiresome, and you may not be fully able to understand what the advantages will be to compensate

you for your exertions and submission. You need to exercise faith in the counsels and promises of parents and teachers who, you must begin to understand, are engaged for your welfare; and if you have faith it will produce works, and your faith and works will develop knowledge in you. It is not expected that you will appreciate all at once, but you will do this by degrees. It is not a very pleasant and inviting labor for a man to engage in cultivating the earth, by making ditches and dams, plowing and planting, irrigating and harvesting; but the vegetables, fruit and grain are the fruits of his toil, and they amply reward him for his exertions; then he has grass for the stock that supply him with butter, meat and clothing, and for the horses which he rides and drives upon his journeys. So it will be with you if you diligently apply yourselves in early life, you will have something to gather into your storehouse in the Summer and Fall.

Men toil excessively to gather worldly capital, which gives them power in the financial world, and so men must toil excessively to get intellectual and spiritual capital, which gives corresponding power in the intellectual and spiritual world. If you would be wealthy, you must be industrious, wise and economical. Poverty is inconvenient and is a cause of much suffering; hence, I would exhort you to rise above it as early as you can; and the sooner you begin to properly put to a right use the elements of prosperity about you, the better your chances for reaching a competence. Most of you have been poor. The Latter-day Saints have never yet been a rich people in the things of this life. Yet they are the richest people on earth because of the principles of eternal life God has revealed unto them. What I say of poverty, you know, is true. But there is another poverty which is much more blighting, blighting and cruel than that I have been speaking of: it is moral, spiritual and intellectual poverty; the person who is barren of these eternal riches is *poor indeed*. It is no disgrace for one to be poor in worldly riches; for with his poverty he can be rich in faith, good works and the love and favor of God. But it is disgraceful for Latter-day Saints to be poor in faith, in morality or in the Spirit of God. If you are unfruitful in your mind and spirit you should bow the knee before God and ask Him to supply just what you lack, and then in faith put forth your efforts in the proper direction and persevere, and the Lord will constantly give you the success you require. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

WORDSWORTH'S IMPATIENCE.—The poet Wordsworth had, along with much nobility of character, several traits which made him indifferent to the feelings and habits of those with whom he associated. Among these were an impetuous impatience, which once exhibited itself in a way to annoy Southey, a fellow poet. He was taking tea at the latter's house. Happening then and there to want a volume of "Burke's Works," he went to the library, took down the book and laid it on the tea-table. The pages were uncut. A knife was at Wordsworth's plate, which he had just used to butter the dry toast. With it he cut his way into the volume, and left on every page the greasy proof of a selfish, discourteous impatience that could brook no delay. Of course Southey, who was very neat and orderly in his person and house, was annoyed; but Wordsworth was as unruffled as though he had used the cleanest of paper-cutters. He forgot that the little courtesies of life are justly classed among the minor morals, and that the gift of genius does not exempt its possessor from the observance of all the moralities, whether they be great or small.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT requires the utmost care upon the part of the people who have received the Spirit of the Lord by the laying on of hands, to distinguish between the voice of that Spirit and the voice of their own hearts, or of other spirits which may take possession of them. Experience and watchfulness will enable the Saint to recognize the voice of the Holy Spirit.

It is a still, small voice in the hearts of the children of men. It is not boisterous, loud or aggressive, and if those who receive it carefully watch its suggestions, it will develop more and more within them, and it will become an unfailing source of revelation. But the necessity always remains of exercising care in distinguishing its voice from the voice of other influences in the heart.

Many Elders in the Church have uttered predictions which they thought proceeded from the Holy Ghost, but which were prompted by enthusiasm and the ardor of their own feelings. They were filled with good desires; but good desires alone do not make predictions true. They must be given by the Spirit of the Lord or they will not come to pass; for the Lord is not bound, by any promise He has ever made, to fulfill everybody's predictions when He has not inspired them. When He prompts men to speak by His Spirit and make promises and utter predictions they will undoubtedly be fulfilled. It is a solemn thing to speak in the name of the Lord, and the man who does so ought to be sure, if he makes a prophecy, that it is from the Lord; then it will be fulfilled, but not otherwise.

It has not unfrequently happened that Elders, in reading the prophecies and revelations which have been given concerning the last days, have become very sanguine in their expectations concerning the nearness of certain events spoken of, and have ventured themselves to prophesy concerning them, and to foretell at what time and in what manner they would be fulfilled. Now, to do this in safety, a man ought to be sure that he has the same spirit of prophecy and revelation as the prophet had whose words he attempts to supplement or interpret. If he does not have that, he is liable to fall into error and to mislead others. Private interpretations of the word of God are always dangerous, and the illustrations of this, even in our Church, are quite numerous.

One or two instances of this kind occur to me.

A prominent Apostle, and one well versed in the prophecies, had a discussion in New York with a somewhat noted preacher upon what is called "Mormonism." The discussion took place, I think, in 1840. The Apostle, in speaking about events that should take place, made the declaration that certainly these would occur within ten years from that period, or the Book of Mormon would prove itself false! This statement was actually published in the proceedings of the discussion. Now the failure of an event to take place according to any man's theory could not by any possibility, affect the validity of the Book of Mormon. That Book is the truth of heaven and it cannot be made false. The Apostle of whom I speak understood this perfectly; but he felt so sure these events would take place within the period mentioned by him that he felt safe in making this statement. But alas, for human fallibility! The events of which he spoke are still unfulfilled, though forty-six years have passed away instead of ten.

Another circumstance of this character occurs to me:

Shortly after hostilities began in the late civil war, a prominent Elder who occupied a leading position in the British

Mission at that time, caused to be recorded in the office journal at Liverpool a prediction of his, concerning the results that would follow the breaking out of the civil war between the States. He wrote that within six months after the commencement of the war, State would be arrayed against State, and the inhabitants in each State would be arrayed against each other, and thus war would be carried almost to the doors of all the people of the land. He was so confident his views were sound and from the Lord that he was quite willing they should be recorded and stand as his prediction. It is not necessary to say how much he was mistaken. This Elder was a faithful, good man, and a man who possessed a goodly degree of the Spirit of the Lord; but, in this instance, his zeal carried him away, and he mistook his own desires and views for the voice of the Spirit of the Lord.

Many more illustrations of this kind might be given; but they are familiar to every Elder of experience. Too much care cannot be exercised in putting constructions upon revelations and prophecies, and especially by Elders who speak in public.

At the present time I understand there is much of an inclination on the part of certain Elders to dwell upon the revelations given after the Saints were driven out of Jackson County, in which allusion is made to the Saints being led out of bondage. They appear to hold out the idea that the present trials through which the Saints are passing are the beginning of the bondage which is there referred to.

Such teachings, I think, unsuitable and not likely to be attended with good effects.

It is well to warn the Latter-day Saints and to stir them up to repentance, that they may humble themselves and seek the favor of God; but it is not well to discourage them or to weaken their faith.

"But," it may be asked, "is it hurtful to foretell to the people that which is coming upon them?"

Certainly not, if the Spirit of the Lord dictates the message.

But let every man who speaks in the name of the Lord be sure that what he says is from the Lord; for if it is not, he incurs a fearful responsibility.

Many perhaps take the view that we are already in bondage and that it is greater than any we have ever had before. I do not share in that opinion. There has scarcely been a yearsince the Church was organized until the Saints left Nauvoo that they were not in bondage to a greater or less degree.

Let me here remark, there is more than one kind of bondage.

In one revelation, the Lord speaks to the Prophet Joseph about the brethren being in bondage for debt, and he gives them a promise "that you shall be delivered this once out of your bondage." This was a kind of bondage which often galled and bore heavily upon the Prophet and leading Elders in the early days.

In another revelation the Lord says that it is not right that men shall be in bondage one to another, and that to avoid this He had redeemed the land by the shedding of blood and caused a constitution to be established through wise men whom He had raised up for that very purpose.

There are two kinds of bondage mentioned: one the bondage of debt and the other political bondage.

The Latter-day Saints were in bondage in Ohio; they went to Missouri. They were put in bondage there, and they fled to Illinois to escape from it.

Finally to have that larger freedom and greater rights which were denied them in Illinois, they forsook the confines of civilization and launched forth into the wilderness.

This was a mighty deliverance; and though, after we came here, we were refused a State government and had to be content with a Territory, we were comparatively free from political bondage and enjoyed a large degree of liberty.

Our deliverance from the bondage under which we suffered in the States will yet be recorded as one of the grandest achievements of which history gives an account. Our people had controlled the city of Nauvoo, but jealous of our having that much power, the legislature robbed us of its charter and aimed to reduce us to intolerable bondage. But from that condition we were delivered, and we took a great stride ahead. From being denied the right to control a city—and a city, too which we had built and peopled, and made famous, we blossomed into sufficient liberty to have the government of a Territory. This liberty has been encroached upon; but we still enjoy it, notwithstanding the many efforts which have been made to deprive us of it.

I know we are passing through scenes which are very trying to the patience of a free people, a tyranny being exercised in our midst that is most odious to every principle of constitutional government; but, withal, the Latter-day Saints have been in worse circumstances than these and have had much less liberty than they now have.

What the future may have in store for us, time will develop; but for the present let us be thankful that we have as much freedom and so many comforts and causes of enjoyment as those we now possess. Instead of indulging in gloomy anticipations and this sort of talk about bondage and deprivation of all our rights, let us as Latter-day Saints exercise all our faith in petitioning the heavens for relief from our present troubles and look forward with hopeful expectation to the fulfillment of the many promises which God has given, concerning the future glory of Zion.

As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future, we shall emerge from this condition of affairs into the enjoyment of greater influence and power in our own nation and in the earth. This has invariably followed every attempt of our enemies of the character which we now witness here.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 343.)

ABOUT the 10th of June we left off mining and went below to prepare for going home, as it was believed that most of the snow was gone from off the mountains.

Arriving at the mill below it was thought by the brethren there that it would be a good idea for some of the boys to go ahead and select a place of gathering for all who were intending to go to Salt Lake. Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th of June, John White, Jacob M. Truman and myself set out on horseback for that purpose, taking our axes, blankets and provisions. We found a nice little valley forty or fifty miles east of Sutter's Fort. Here we cut down timber and built a large corral. On the 21st, parties began to arrive with loose stock. The next day wagons began to roll in and continued to arrive more or less every day. On Sunday morning,

the 25th, Brothers Browett, Allen and Cox, being desirous to push forward, said that they would leave camp and go ahead with pack mules and explore and hunt out a route over the mountains while the company was gathering, and return and meet the camp. They were advised not to go, owing to the wild tribes in the mountains, but they thought there was no danger and so left camp.

On the 28th, James Brown and I prospected for gold, when we found a nice little field about two miles north of camp. The next day I returned and washed out twenty-six dollars' worth; and on the 30th, I washed out forty dollars. I let one of the brethren have this for a new Spanish saddle.

On Saturday, July 1st, I turned *vaquero*, as it was my day to herd horses.

On the 3rd, camp broke and moved forward, all except myself and Brother Hatch. Our oxen were missing and it was late before we found them.

The next morning we rolled out, following the trail of the camp, keeping up the divide between the American and Macozamy rivers. Just as we stopped to make camp for the night we were suddenly startled for a moment at the roar of cannon ahead of us. We were soon reminded this was the Fourth of July, the birthday of American Independence. The next morning we overtook the company in camp. They had found a nice little valley down on the Macozamy side, which they called Sly's Park. Here we made corrals, the camp concluding to remain a few days to await the return of the three brethren who had gone ahead and to have a report from them before moving any further. Fears were entertained that mischief had befallen them. A meeting of the camp was called and it was decided to send out ten men to pioneer the way over the Sierra Nevada, and to see if anything could be learned of the whereabouts of the missing men. Accordingly, the next morning our pioneers set out and late in the evening of the 14th they returned. The camp was immediately called together and a report made. They had learned nothing of the three men, neither trail nor sign of them could be found after passing a certain point. They had found a pass but the road would have to be worked. It was decided to send four men ahead on the morrow to cut away the brush and roll rocks out of the way, and the camp was to follow after. That day we traveled about eight miles, and on the 16th we continued our journey. At night we camped on the waters of the Macozamy.

On the 17th, we camped by some springs. The next day camp lay by while a few men went ahead, myself included, to work and make the road. As we were returning we found where we supposed our three missing men had camped near a spring. Not far away was what we thought to be an Indian grave, as near by was an Indian wickiup. Brother Miller, one of our party, said he was of the belief that our brethren were in it. After returning to camp and making our report we organized (for we had not yet done so). Jonathan Holmes was appointed president, with Samuel H. Rogers and Addison Pratt as his counselors. Lieutenant Samuel Thompson was appointed captain in case there was any fighting to do with redskins.

Our number and outfit consisted of forty-five men and one woman, the wife of Sergeant William Cory; two small brass cannon—one a four the other a six pounder—besides our muskets; seventeen wagons and about four hundred head of stock, including horses, mules, oxen, cows and calves.

On Wednesday the 19th, the camp reached the spring near which was the supposed Indian grave. The tools from the

wagon were soon brought and the grave was at once opened. We were shocked at the sight! There lay our brethren naked, one with his face upwards the others face downwards. To all appearance an ax or a hatchet had been sunk in Brother Browett's face, and a shot had penetrated his eye. A withe was around Allen's neck. They were in a shallow grave. In looking around we found bloody arrows laying about on the ground. Allen's purse of gold dust was found; it was readily known, as many of the boys had seen him make it.

That night while at prayers something gave our stock a dreadful fright, causing at once a stampede. It was thought to be either grizzly bears or Indians. At once Captain Thompson gave orders to "limber up a cannon and let her speak." This was promptly done. The report and the noise of our running stock was like an earthquake, fairly shaking the mountains. Men were busy all the next day gathering up stock, a few of which were never found. In the afternoon of the following day we enclosed the grave of our brethren with rocks so as to prevent wild beasts from disturbing them, as well as to mark their last resting place.

On Friday the 21st, having found all the stock except one or two mules, we moved four miles and camped in what we called Rock Valley. Clover and wild flax were found growing in this valley.

The next day a number of us worked and made a road six miles and the camp moved three miles. There were ponds near the tops of the mountains with no outlets, said by the boys who visited them to be filled with trout. In places we could gather flowers with one hand and snow with the other at the same time. I had never witnessed such a thing done before. In the pine timber were plenty of mountain chickens.

On Sunday the 23rd camp lay by and, like good boys, we kept the Sabbath day.

(To be Continued.)

ALCOHOL.

BY W. J.

ALTHOUGH very much has been said, and a great deal has been written, in regard to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks, yet that monster evil still boldly rears its ugly head, and is one of the growing and damning curses of our fallen and falling race. It is a parent evil, prolific in progeny, and fearfully destructive in results; yet many encourage it—they make it attractive, they increase it, they make much money out of it, and they do this, apparently, without caring even in the least degree how many physical, mental, moral and financial wrecks they produce with their dishonorable business. And many of the human family seem determined to sustain this misery-producing traffic to the detriment of themselves and their posterity, instead of frowning it down by a strong public sentiment, and stopping it by withholding their patronage now and forever, and thus blessing themselves, the world at large and the countless millions of unborn generations.

Some hundreds of years ago a number of persons were trying to discover something that would preserve their youth and strength, and prevent them from dying; and it is said that a man named Paracelsus, in making experiments, discovered alcohol. He called it "the water of life," and boasted that "he would never be weak and never die; so he went on drinking alcoholic liquors until at last he died in a drunken fit."

Alcohol looks like water, it has a somewhat pleasant odor, it has a pungent taste, and it is inflammable as well as intoxicating. It is made of rotten fruit, grain, or vegetables. It does not exist only as the result of decay. The juice of good apples is sweet and pleasant, but let it stand a few days and it will ferment; that is, the sugary part of the juice will be separated into a kind of a gas and a liquid. The gas is called carbonic acid gas; the liquid is alcohol; and both are poisonous. It does not appear to be a natural drink provided by our Heavenly Father for His children, or He would have placed it in some ripe, delicious fruit, and not have made it impossible to obtain only from a state of decay; but it appears to be one of the many inventions of man.

Its general definition is: "The spirituous or intoxicating element of fermented liquors;" and this is the element which many of the children of men so strongly desire, and *will* have, in liquor, or wine, or beer. The craving is so strong that many will have it irrespective of cost or consequences. Hundreds of thousands are wrecked and ruined in mind and body, in reputation and influence, in finances and family relations, by its influence and use. They are crime-stained, hopeless and faithless. They have misused their agency, wasted their probation, corrupted their souls, blasted their hopes and prospects, and oftentimes the suicide's hand ends their mortal career. And if they contemplate the future beyond the grave, nothing but gloom, and darkness, and condemnation, and misery, await them there.

In view of the above incontrovertible facts, the young men of Israel should take warning. The object of this article is to warn them. The tendencies of the age are wrong. This is a tipping, wine-bibbing age. Glittering and seductive inducements are held out to the young. They must do right and secure the aid of the Holy Spirit, or they will be overcome by the wily tempter. They must stand firmly on the platform of sobriety, as given in the laws of God, or they will not be safe for one moment. It will not do to manufacture apparently plausible excuses for drinking, and thus violating the law of God; neither will it do to cite the example of men who are their seniors as justification; and, especially, it will not answer to go to the scriptures and quote Paul's advice to Timothy, or Christ's turning water into wine, in justification of the habit of using intoxicants temperately, in violation of the command of God as given in our day. And this reminds me of an incident in the life of John B. Gough, the great apostle of temperance, and I give it here because it is illustrative and instructive:

"John B. Gough, in the course of his lecturing life, found himself in some tight places; but his wit never failed to bring him out safely.

"An amusing story is told of him when he went to Oxford, England, to address the students on temperance. The students sent word to Mr. Gough that they would not have temperance, and advised him not to persist in lecturing, but he went to the hall. For twenty minutes he spoke in pantomime amid the deafening cat-calls of the boys.

"Finally, he stepped forward, demanded British fair play, and offered to whip every one of the five hundred students singly. This offer was loudly cheered and promptly accepted, and a big six-foot athlete was sent upon the stage. Gough, who was a little man, backed off as the big fellow approached him, and explained:

"My friends, you evidently misunderstand me. This is to be an intellectual contest, not a prize-fight."

"The students cheered again at this evidence of American shrewdness, and ordered the debate to proceed. The college

lad was therefore obliged to discuss with the temperance champion. He was at a disadvantage, but he quoted scripture, and reminded the plucky lecturer that it was one of the Apostles who wrote to Timothy—a young man, too, like themselves—to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and for his other infirmities. The lads shouted vociferously at this.

"Gough slowly examined the six-footer from top to toe, and then said:

"My friends, look at this athlete: this fellow with muscles like steel, who can wield the club of Hercules, who can bend an English yeoman's bow, who could knock down an ox with the blow of a hammer. He is the personification of health and strength, but he thinks he needs a little wine for his stomach's sake!"

"Gough's inimitable manner of saying this had a tremendous effect. The students fairly yelled with delight, and their defeated champion retreated.

"Another was sent up. He was the intellectual giant of his class, in contradistinction to the six-footer. He, with much self-confidence, made a finished argument for liquor-drinking, based on Christ's changing water into wine at the wedding feast. His comrades cheered him to the echo, and thought his argument unanswerable, and Gough was chaffed for his defeat.

"Young men," said he solemnly, "I admit that your champion has forestalled me. He has said to me just what I came here to charge you to do—drink all the wine you can find that is made entirely of water."

And I will add, young men, please oblige your friend, and benefit yourselves forever, by seriously reflecting upon the foregoing, and then, with a firm reliance upon the Almighty, by coming to the following conclusion:

"No brandy, whiskey, gin, nor rum,
Into my mouth shall ever come;
And here I pledge eternal hate
To all that can intoxicate;
Cigars, tobacco, I abhor,
And 'gainst them wage eternal war.
No vicious deeds, nor words profane,
My lips or life shall ever stain;
All vile and wicked things I'll shun,
And in the way of virtue run;
I'll strive to be both wise and good,
That I may live at last with God.

TWO POWERS CONTRASTED.

BY VIDI.

THE remarkable cases of healing the sick which have occurred in the experience of the Elders of this Church both at home and abroad, are so very numerous that but a very small part of them will ever be related. An incident has come to our notice, however, wherein the difference between the genuine power of the Almighty and the spurious article which is now so prevalent in the earth, and sent out for the purpose of misleading the people is plainly visible.

Bother Y—, while traveling in one of the conferences of the British Mission in the year 1878, preaching the gospel, met a family who had experienced quite a number of astonishing cures through the influence of the spirit which existed in the organization of which they were members—Spiritualism. One of the children at one time was taken very ill, and, notwithstanding all efforts, gradually grew worse. The best medical skill was called into requisition, but all to no avail. Finally the physicians informed the parents that the death of the

child was only a question of a short time, as nothing could possibly save its life.

As a last resort an appeal was made to the unseen spirit which had frequently answered their questions by rapping on the table. Now, an exhortation was made for a remedy which would effect a cure on the person of the dying child. A reply was given and upon the application of what was suggested, the child immediately began to recover and was soon entirely well.

Other cures of a more or less interesting nature were effected from time to time which served to strengthen their faith in the doctrines which they had embraced.

Finally, however, a child was born to the worthy couple which from the day of its birth was very puny and sickly. It vomited almost continually, and it was in vain that things were sought which the little thing could retain on its stomach. Human skill was entirely unavailing. Appeals were continually made to the spirit which had effected so much before in the restoration of different members of the family, but in this instance even this spirit was powerless, or at least did not give the desired relief.

Thus matters continued for a year, at the end of which time the child was smaller than it was on the day of its birth. Its arms were no larger than a man's finger and its whole body was correspondingly small. The sufferings of the puny creature seemed to be so intense that the father, as he afterwards said, prayed with all earnestness that death might relieve it from pain. Still the spirit clung tenaciously to the frail body.

About this time Brother Y—visited these good people. He had preached to them on previous occasions and they seemed inclined to accept the gospel. One evening while he and a companion Elder were conversing with them, the mother timidly approached, and said that though the family had not as yet joined the Church they would very much like to have them administer to the puny little infant, if it were not inconsistent with their religion for them to do so. They said it was not, and the hopeful mother therefore brought the child to them. It was administered to according to the order of the Church, and from that day all vomiting ceased, and the child gradually gained in strength and flesh, until it became one of the most healthy of all the family.

Now, here was a manifestation of the superior power of the true Church. All efforts to invigorate the child had hitherto proved fruitless, and even the spirit which existed in their church and which had previously relieved from disease other members of the family was apparently powerless. But the power of God was sufficient to almost instantaneously restore to perfect health and vigor the infant.

There are and will be many spirits abroad in the world in these last days, and the evil one will perform many miracles in order to mislead the people. Our readers are all familiar with the wonders performed by the magicians of Egypt, who were empowered by Satan, in the days of Moses; and even greater than those will be manifested in these latter times. Yet it is the privilege of every Latter-day Saint to test the various spirits which they may from time to time encounter, and if one is living up to the line of his duty, he will be able to distinguish between good and evil spirits, between angels of light and those of darkness. The Holy Ghost with its peaceful influence can never be counterfeited, and its power is so great that it can easily expose to its possessor all the influences by which he is surrounded. Each one should therefore cultivate and obey the promptings of a spirit which is so all powerful, that he may not fall, but continue in the path which leads to eternal life.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



Be true to thyself, cherish every affection,
That's gentle, and noble, and truthful and pure;
And the strength of the Highest shall be thy protection
So long as thy love for thy God shall endure.

Be true to thyself, though the past with its sorrow,
And all its lost hopes are remembered by thee,

Though the present be lonely, a brighter to-morrow
May herald a future from sorrow set free.

Be true to thyself, and thy heart will forever
Be true to all others: all truth is sublime.
Be true to thy God, and His goodness shall never
Desert thee, through all the mutations of time.

YOU CAN.

DO not say you cannot withstand the temptation, for you can, and you know it. It is nothing but the good will that you lack. You can do everything that needs to be done if you have a will to do it.

"But," you will say, "I have listened so often and so long to temptation that I have lost all power to resist."

I tell you that is nonsense. You can withstand all temptation as well now as ever, if you only have the desire to do so; and it is only the cunning of Satan to make you believe to the contrary.

What an idea! You can serve the devil to your own detriment and to your present and everlasting ruin, and cannot serve God, when it is to your eternal salvation to do so! Has anyone ever heard of such folly? Satan laughs that you are such a fool. God has never required anything that you cannot do. Perhaps you have committed many errors and done many foolish things, but that does not matter. The fact that you have tried once, twice or a dozen times to do right, proves that you can do it again; and every time you try to do good, that desire will increase in you and the inclination and weakness which lead you to do evil will decrease.

"But I have failed so often."

You have done nothing of the kind so long as you have tried to do right; it is only when you did wrong. But supposing you did fail. How often did the child fail before it learned to walk?

"But that is a different thing altogether; a child tries to walk and involuntarily falls, but I have fallen when I knew better."

All the more foolish for you, if you remain down. If you have fallen with your eyes open, you can get up with them

open as well. Now, do not believe that I am hard on you. I wish to lend you a helping hand to get you from your fallen position and to try again to do right. I know that it is folly of the worst kind to remain in the slough of sin. A dry, clear, beautiful path leads from it into green fields and splendid surroundings, where virtue in all her splendor and clothed with peace awaits you to fold you in her open arms. If you will only try, you will find that you can walk in that path and will be enabled to endure humbly and steadfastly and obtain all the honors of a noble and virtuous manhood.

C. H. W.

If you would convince a person of his mistake, accost him not upon that subject when his spirit is ruffled or discomposed with any occurrences of life; and especially when he has heated his passions in the defence of a contrary opinion.

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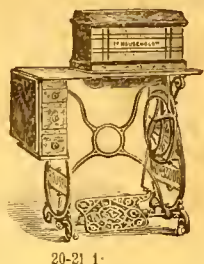
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